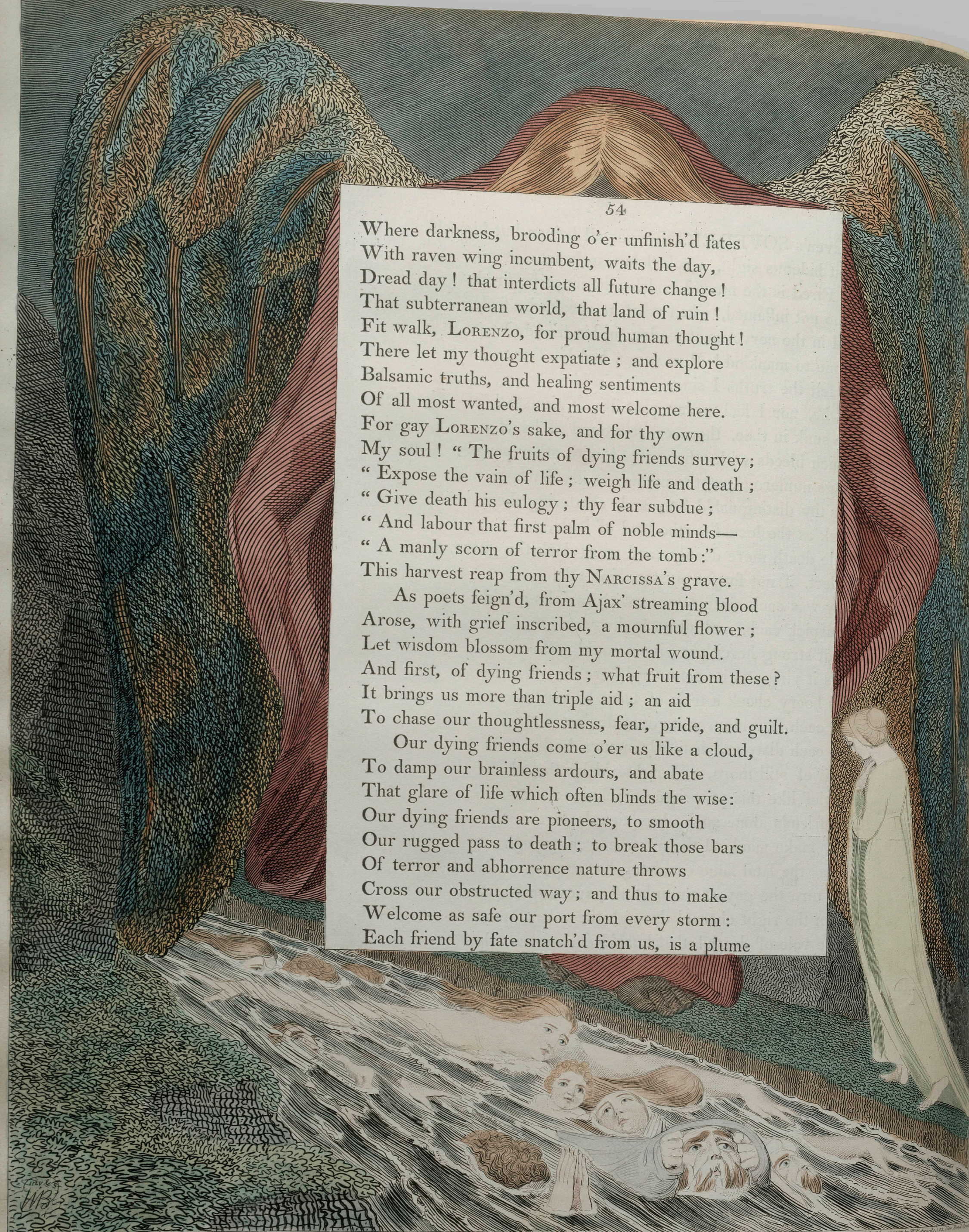


Where darkness, brooding o'er unfinish'd fates
 With raven wing incumbent, waits the day,
 Dread day! that interdicts all future change!
 That subterranean world, that land of ruin!
 Fit walk, LORENZO, for proud human thought!
 There let my thought expatiate; and explore
 Balsamic truths, and healing sentiments
 Of all most wanted, and most welcome here.
 For gay LORENZO's sake, and for thy own
 My soul! "The fruits of dying friends survey;
 "Expose the vain of life; weigh life and death;
 "Give death his eulogy; thy fear subdue;
 "And labour that first palm of noble minds—
 "A manly scorn of terror from the tomb:"

This harvest reap from thy NARCISSA's grave.
 As poets feign'd, from Ajax' streaming blood
 Arose, with grief inscribed, a mournful flower;
 Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
 And first, of dying friends; what fruit from these?
 It brings us more than triple aid; an aid
 To chase our thoughtlessness, fear, pride, and guilt.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
 To damp our brainless ardours, and abate
 That glare of life which often blinds the wise:
 Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
 Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
 Of terror and abhorrence nature throws
 Cross our obstructed way; and thus to make
 Welcome as safe our port from every storm:
 Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume



Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
 Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,
 And, damp'd with omen of our own decease,
 On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
 Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
 O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
 And save the world a nuisance: smitten friends
 Are angels sent on errands full of love:
 For us they languish, and for us they die:
 And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?
 * Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades
 Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
 Shall we disdain their silent soft address,
 Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer?
 Senseless as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
 Tread under foot their agonies and groans,
 Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

LORENZO! no; the thought of death indulge;
 Give it its wholesome empire—let it reign,
 That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy:
 Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
 And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast:
 Auspicious æra! golden days, begin!
 The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.
 And why not think on death? is life the theme
 Of every thought? and wish of every hour?
 And song of every joy? Surprising truth!
 The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
 To wave the numerous ills that seize on life
 As their own property, their lawful prey;

